The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CÆSAR BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

BY H. B. STACY. FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1839. VOL. XIII--No. 628

[MR. STACY:--No one has obtained more fame, among our American poets than OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. There is a great deal of humor in the following verses. One may appreciate it now, as the 'Hot Season' so soon approaches. If you will give the following a place in your columns, you will gratify many of your readers, and among the rest, Sir, Yours &c. S. W.]

THE HOT SEASON.

The folks, that on the first of May
Wore winter coats and hose,
Began to say, the first of June,
"Good Lord! how hot it grows."
At last two Fahrenheits blew up,
And killed two children small,
And one baroneter *shot dead*
A *tutor* with its ball!

Now all day long the locust sang
Among the leafless trees;
Three new hotels *scarped inside out*,
The pumps could only *wheeze*,
And ripe old wine that twenty years
Had cobwebbed o'er in vain,
Came spouting through the rotten corks
Like July's best Champagne!

The Worcester locomotives did
Their trip in half an hour;
The Lowell cars ran forty miles
Before they check'd the power;
Roll brimstone soon became a drug
And *loco focos* YELL;
All asked for ice but *every* where
Saltpetre was to sell!

Plump men of mornings ordered *tights*,
But, ere the scorching noons
Their candle moulds had grown as *loose*
As Cossack pantaloons!
The dogs ran mad—men could not try
If water they would choose;
A horse fell dead,—he only left
Fur red hat, rusty shoes!

But soon the people could not bear
The slightest hint of fire;
Allusions to caloric drew
A flood of savage ire;
The leaves on heat were all torn out
From every book at school,
And many blackguards kicked and caned,
Because they said—"Keep *Cool!*"

The gaslight companies were mobbed
The bakers all were shot;
The penny-press began to talk
Of *Lynching* DOCTOR NOTT;
And all about the warehouse steps
Were angry men in droves,
Cracking and splintering through the doors
To smash the patent *Stoves!*

The abolition men and maids
Were tanned to such a hue,
You scarce could tell them from their friends,
Unless their eyes were BLUE;
—And when I left, society
Had burst its ancients guards,
And Brattle-street and Temple Place
Were *interchanging cards!*

From the Gentlemen's Magazine.

LINES ON WOMAN.

In reply to a slanderer who contemptuously compared women to weather-vanes.

The jest by feeble malice sped,
Recoils upon the slanderer's head;
If weather-vanes the sex resemble,
I'll tell thee how!—Give ear and tremble!

Like yonder object of thy mirth,
Woman, though resident on earth
In native virtue tempest proof,
From all that suits keeps high aloof;
Summer and winter, night and day,
Though thunders roar, and lightnings play,
Calm in her station she remains;
That sacred eminence maintains;
There practising submission still,
To every breath of Heaven's will,
By faithfulness in danger tried,
Becomes man's monitor and guide. B. B.

A GOOD PLAN.

Gibbon in his "*Decline and Fall*" relates, that among the Locrians of ancient Greece, he, who proposed any new law, stood forth before the People with a *hem pen cravat* encircling his throat, and if the law was rejected, the proposer was immediately strangled! The crude "propositions," impracticable schemes, time-wasting "motions," the boring speeches and snarling debates which too often occupy the attention of Congress, would, if such a regulation were adopted, never be perpetrated. If the above *good* plan were introduced into the legislative councils, the persuasive tongue of Wisdom would only wag; the voices of Eloquence and Candor would only dare to make themselves heard, and *then* Scoundrelism, Ignorance and their companion, IMPERTINENCE would slink away into their proper silence and obscurity.

SIGOURNEY'S LAST PUN.

The *New Yorker*, (which, by the way is an excellent hebdomadal,) in one of the late numbers, mentions an instance of the "ruling passion strong in death" in the case of *Sigourney* the noted punster of Boston.--As he was taking his final leave of this world and actually *dying* in the presence of the Physician, a servant tripped into the room and called the doctor out, saying *sotto voce* (the man was *tipsy*.) "A man has fallen down the *well!*" The appalling information was overheard by Sigourney, and, when the Doctor re-appeared, he lifted up his head and inquired in a scarce audible whisper—"I say, Doctor—*is the man* in WELL-*being*, or did he *kick the bucket?*"

A RECEIPT TO FILL A NEWSPAPER.—A printer's devil came running to an Editor, saying, "Sir, we have a space in the paper which we are at a loss how to fill up."—"Pshaw! nothing is easier" said the *acute* Editor, "insert that 'last night an elderly gentleman promenading in St. James' park, was knocked down by two ruffians and robbed of his money and his gold-headed cane.'" The *devil* vanished for a while, but soon returned and told his master that "there were *several* words too many and some must be *severed!*"--"why, then" said the Editor, "you may leave out, or *sever*, "the gold headed cane!"

From the Plattsburgh Republican.

COL. STONE—

SIR:—I have been permitted to make the following extract from the Memoirs of the venerable Elkanah Watson, of Port Kent. If you think it will interest your readers as much as the same space occupied by politics or 'Weller-isms,' (some of which I consider rather *worser* isms.) you are at liberty to publish it. Yours, as ever, X.

LAFAYETTE AT BURLINGTON, VT.

JUNE 29th, 1825

[From "Watson's Memoirs."—Unpublished.]

I first saw this great man when on my travels to Georgia from Rhode-Island, on the 29th of September, 1777—a wounded young French officer aged 19, (my own age,) stretched on a mattress at Johnson's spacious tavern in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Four soldiers had just brought him on a litter from the Brandywine battle ground, where he held a distinguished command, and acquitted himself with great credit.

The next time I saw him was in May, 1778, going on board the first American frigate ever built, under the agency of the celebrated John Brown, with whom I resided as a clerk. She was then on the stocks, and was called the 'Providence.' His person at this time was tall and slender, and rather light complexion.

The next time I saw him was after the lapse of 47 years, at the City Hotel in New York, 3d Aug. 1824, the day subsequent to his landing from Brandywine frigate, direct from France. He was then receiving numerous visits from gentlemen, forming a semi-circle in a spacious room. We waited some time in anxious suspense; at length he entered the circle, accompanied by his secretary and several American officers, passing round from man to man, dropping a passing word to each, and squeezing our hands with almost a convulsive grip. It was with difficulty I could realize that this was the identical being I saw at Bethlehem nearly half a century previous. I could not discover by analyzing his features, when he came in close contact with me, the slightest resemblance. Age and cares, involving the best interests of the human family, and the wonderful vicissitudes he had encountered in that long period, as well in America as in Europe, had completely metamorphosed him, both in person and features.

The last time I saw him was at Burlington, Vermont, on the 29th June, 1825, on his return to New York from his grand tour of the 24 United States. He was conducted into the Village, in an open barouche, from the east, by Gov. Van Ness. I dined with him at Gould's (formerly Howard's) Hotel, with about one hundred and fifty guests, including many war-worn veteran officers of the Revolution. He was addressed by Mr. Griswold on the piazza facing the public square, in a happy vein of patriotism, in which he recapitulated his noble deeds in the glorious cause of American Independence, as well as the revolutions in France, and closing with deep expressions of a Nation's gratitude. Lafayette responded *impromptu*, to each point of the address with great precision and in good sound English—without any hesitation—in an audible, distinct articulation, as if at home in his native language, and in a manner which astonished me.

At least a hundred old veteran pensioners—soldiers of the Revolutionary war—were drawn up in front of the piaza, listening with attentive ears to each word: At the close they gave three hearty cheers, their hats waving over their hoary heads. He spent the evening in a crowded party of ladies and gentlemen, at Gov. Van Ness's; from whence at midnight we conveyed him on board the steam-boat Phoenix—the wharf crowded with men, women and children to witness the exhilerating scene. Three steam boats were in waiting to join the escort—all brilliantly illuminated, with many proud streamers triumphantly waving to the breeze. We took our final leave in the cabin—all deeply affected—where he continued at least an hour standing and saluting all who approached.

As the boats were about starting, I stole away from the crowd, and mounting a pile of boards, (wrapped up in my cloak, the night being chilly,) to contemplate the passing scenes in full review, *solus*, and without interruption. The boats hazed round in beautiful and brilliant display, and then shaped their course south, for Whitehall. Words fail me in expressing my delightful sensations in contemplating this great and good man—this second Washington of the Revolutionary war, in the midst of a new generation, with a few solitary exceptions, and the last of his Generals.

These reflections affected me even to tears, in the midst of the roaring of cannon, the ringing of bells, bands of music, and the cheering of thousands of grateful hearts. The night was serene—the moon shone bright—every thing above and below seemed to add splendor, and to conspire in giving solemnity and glorious effect to the delightful scene. Farewell, Lafayette! a long and last farewell! May heaven reward thy virtues, and thy bravery; and may ages profit thereby, throughout this benighted world.

THE FORTUNES OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

A STORY.

One day, I will not say how many years ago—for I intend to be very mysterious for a time with my readers—a young woman stepped from a country wagon that had just arrived at the yard gate of the famous Chelsea Inn, the Goat and Compasses, a name formed by corrupting time out of the pious original, 'God encompasseth us.' The young woman seemed about the age of 15, and was decently dressed, though in the plainest rustic fashion of the times. She was well formed and well looking, both form and looks giving indications of the ruddy health consequent upon exposure to sun and air in the country. After stepping from the wagon, which the driver immediately led in the court yard, the girl stood for a moment in apparent uncertainty whither to go, when the mistress of the inn, who had come to the door, observed her hesitation, and had come to the door, observed her hesitation, and asked her to enter and take rest. The young woman readily obeyed the invitation, and soon, by the kindness of the landlady, found herself by the fireside of a nicely sanded parlor, with where-withal to refresh herself after a long and tedious journey.

"And so, my poor girl,' said the landlady, after having heard, in return for her kindness, the whole particulars of the young woman's situation and history, 'so thou hast come all this way to seek service, and have no friend but John Hodge, the wagoner? Truly, he is like to give thee but small help, wench, toward getting a place.'

'Is service then difficult to be had?' asked the young woman, sadly.

'Ah, marry, good situations, at least, are hard to find. But have a good heart, child,' said the landlady, and as she continued, she looked around her with an air of pride and dignity, 'thou seest what I have come to myself; and I left the country a young thing just like thyself, with as little to look to. But tisn't every one for certain, that must look for such a fortune, and in any case it must be wrought for. I showed myself a good servant before my poor old Jacob, heaven rest his soul, made me mistress of the Goat and Compasses. So mind thee, girl ——.'

The landlady's speech might have gone on a long way; for the dame loved well the sound of her own tongue, but for the interruption occasioned by the entrance of a gentleman. When the landlady rose, and welcomed him heartily.

'Ha! dame,' said the new comer, who was a stout, respectably attired person of middle age, 'how sells the good ale? Scarcely a drop left in the cellar, I hope?'

'Enough left to give your worship a draught after your long walk,' as she rose to fulfil the promise implied in her words.

'I walked not,' was the gentleman's return, 'but took a pair of oars, dame, down the river. Thou knowest I always come to Chelsea myself to see if thou lackest any thing.'

'Ah, sir,' replied the landlady, 'and it is by that way of doing business that you have made yourself as all the city says, the richest man in the Brewer's Corporation: if not in all London itself.'

'Well dame, the better for me if it is so,' said the brewer, with a smile; 'but let us have the mug and this quite pretty friend of thine shall pleasure us, mayhap, by tasting with us.'

The landlady was not long in producing a stoup of ale, knowing that her visiter never set an example hurtful to his own interests by countenancing the consumption of foreign spirits.

'Right, hostess,' said the brewer, when he had tasted it, 'well made and well kept, and that is one,' said he, filling one of the measures of glasses which had been placed beside the stoup, 'wilt thou drink this to thy sweetheart's health?'

The poor country girl to whom this was addressed declined the proffered civility, and with a blush, but the landlady exclaimed, 'come, silly wench, drink his worship's health; he is more likely to get thee a service than John Hodge the wagoner.'

'This girl has come many a mile,' continued the hostess, 'to seek a place in town, that she may burden her family no more at home.'

'To seek service!' exclaimed the brewer, 'why then it is perhaps well met with us. Has she brought a character with her, or can you speak for her, dame?'

'She has never yet been away from home, sir, but her face is her character, said the kind-hearted landlady; 'I warrant she will be a diligent and trusty one.'

'Upon thy prophecy, hostess, will I take her into my own service; for but yesterday was my housekeeper complaining of the want of help, since the deputyship brought me more into the way of entertaining the people of the ward.'

Ere the wealthy brewer and deputy left the Goat and Compasses, arrangements were made for sending the country girl to his house in the city on the following day. Proud of having done a kind action, the garrulous hostess took advantage of the circumstance to deliver an immensely long harrangue to the young woman on her new duties, and on the dangers to which youth is exposed in large cities. The girl heard her benefactress with modest thankfulness, but a more minute observer than the good landlady might have seen in the eye and countenance of the girl a quiet firmness of expression, such as might have induced the cutting short of the lecture. However, the landlady's lecture did end, and towards the evening of the day following her arrival at the Goat and Compasses, the youthful rustic found herself installed as housemaid in the dwelling of the rich brewer.

The fortunes of this girl it is our purpose to follow. The first change in her condition which took place subsequent to that related, was her elevation to the vacated post of housekeeper in the brewer's family. In this situation she was brought more than formerly in contact with her master, who found ample means for admiring her propriety of conduct, as well as her skilful economy of management. By degrees he began to find her presence necessary to his happiness; and being a man both of honorable and independent mind, he at length offered her his hand. It was accepted; and she, who had but four years before left her country home barefooted, became the wife of one of the richest citizens in London.

For many years Mr. Aylesbury, for such was the name of the brewer, and his wife lived in happiness and comfort together.—He was a man of good family and connexions, and consequently of higher breeding than his wife could boast of; but on no occasion had he ever to blush for the partner he had chosen. Her calm, inborn strength, if not dignity, of character, conjoined with an extreme quickness of perception, made her fill her place at her husband's table with as much grace and credit as if she had been born to the station. And, as time run on, the respectability of Mr. Aylesbury's position received a gradual increase. He became an Alderman, and subsequently a Sheriff of the city, and in consequence of the latter elevation was knighted. Afterwards—and now a part of the mystery projected at the commencement of this story must be broken in upon, as far as time is concerned--afterwards the important place which the wealthy brewer held in the city called down upon him the attention and favor of King Charles I., then anxious to conciliate the good will of the citizens, and the city knight received the farther honor of baronetcy.

Lady Aylesbury, in the year of her marriage life, gave birth to a daughter, who proved an only child, and around whom, as was natural, all the hopes and wishes of the parents entwined themselves. This daughter had only reached the age of seventeen when her father died, leaving an immense fortune behind him. It was at first thought that the widow and daughter would become the inheritors of this without the shadow of a dispute. But it proved otherwise. Certain relatives of the deceased brewer set up a plea upon the foundation of a will made in their favor before the deceased had become married. With her wonted firmness, Lady Aylesbury immediately took steps for the vindication of her own and her child's rights. A young lawyer who had been a frequent guest at her husband's table, and of whose abilities she had formed a high opinion, was the person whom she fixed upon as the legal asserter of her cause. Edward Hyde was indeed a youth of great ability.—Though only twenty-four years of age at the period referred to, and though he had spent much of his youthful time in the society of the gay and fashionable of the day, he had not neglected the pursuits to which his family's wish, as well as his own tastes had devoted him. But it was with considerable hesitation, and with a feeling of anxious diffidence, that he consented to undertake the charge of Lady Aylesbury's case: for certain strong though unseen and acknowledged sensations were at work in his bosom, to make him fearful of the responsibility and anxious about the result.

The young lawyer, however, became counsel for the brewer's widow and daughter, and by a striking exertion of eloquence, and display of legal ability, gained their suit. Two days after the successful pleader was seated beside his two clients. Lady Aylesbury's usual manner was quiet and composed, but she now spoke warmly of her gratitude to the preserver of her daughter from want, and also tendered a fee—a payment munificent indeed for the occasion. The young barrister did not seem at ease during Lady Aylesbury's expression of her feelings. He shifted upon his chair, changed color, looked to Miss Aylesbury, played with the purse before him, tried to speak, but stopped short, and changed color again. Thinking only of best expressing her own gratitude, Lady Aylesbury appeared not to observe her visiter's confusion, but arose, saying, 'In token that I hold your services above compensation in the way of money, I wish also to give you a memorial of my gratitude in another shape. As she spoke thus, she drew a bunch of keys from her pocket, which every lady carried in those days, and left the room.

What passed during her absence between the parties whom she left together, will be best known by the result. When Lady Aylesbury returned, she found her daughter standing with averted eyes, but her hand within that of Edward Hyde, who knelt on the mother's entrance and besought her consent to their union. Explanations of the feeling which the parties entertained for each other ensued, and Lady Aylesbury was not long in giving the desired consent. 'Give me leave, however,' said she to the lover, 'to place round your neck the memorial which I intended for you; this chain,'—it was a superb gold one—'was a token of gratitude from the ward in which he lived, to my dear husband.' Lady Aylesbury's calm serious eyes were filled with tears as she threw the chain round Edward's neck, saying, 'These links were borne on the neck of a worthy and honored man. May thou, my beloved son attain to still higher honors.'

The wish was fulfilled, though not until danger and suffering had tried severely the parties concerned. The son in law of Lady Aylesbury became an important speaker in Parliament. When Oliver Cromwell bro't the King to the Scaffold, and established the Commonwealth, Sir Edward Hyde—for he held a government post, and had been knighted—was too prominent a member of the royalist party to escape the enmity of the new rulers, and was obliged to reside upon the continent till the Restoration. When abroad he was so much esteemed by the exiled Prince (afterwards Charles II) as to be appointed Lord High Chancellor of England, which appointment was conferred when the king was restored to his throne. Some years afterwards, Hyde was elevated to the peerage, first to the rank of a baron, and subsequently as Earl of Clarendon, a title which he made famous in English history.

These events, so briefly narrated, occupied a large space of time, during which, Lady Aylesbury passed her days in quiet and retirement. She had now the gratification of beholding her daughter Countess of Clarendon, and of seeing the grandchildren who had been born to her, mingling as equals with the noblest in the land. But still a more exalted fate awaited the descendants of the poor friendless girl who had come to London, in search of service, in a wagoner's van. Her grand daughter, Ann Hyde, a young lady of spirit, wit, and beauty, had been appointed, while her family stayed abroad, one of the maids of honor to the Princess of Orange, and in that situation had attracted so strongly the regards of James, Duke of York, and a brother of Charles II., that he contracted a private marriage with her. The birth of a child forced on him a public announcement of this contract, and ere long the granddaughter of Lady Aylesbury was openly received by the Royal Family and the people of England, as Duchess of York, and sister in-law of the sovereign.

Lady Aylesbury did not long survive this event. But ere she dropped into the grave, at a ripe old age, she saw her descendants heirs presumptive of the British crown. King Charles had married, but had no legitimate issue, and accordingly, his brother's family had the prospect and rights of succession. And, in reality, two immediate descendants of the barefooted country girl did ultimately fill the throne—Mary (wife of William III) and Queen Ann, princesses both of illustrious memory.

Such were the fortunes of the young woman whom the worthy landlady of the Goat and Compasses was fearful of encouraging to rash hopes by a reference to the lofty position which it had been her own fate to attain in life. In one assertion, at least, the hostess was undoubtedly right—that success in life must be labored for in some way or other. Without the prudence and propriety of conduct which won the esteem and love of the brewer, the sequel of the country girl's history could not have been such as it is.

PROVERBIAL RHYMES.

"Proverbs existed before books." *D'Israeli.*

Great wits to madness sure are near allied,
And their partitions do their bounds divide.

He that buys eggs buys many shells;
But he that buys *good ale* buys nothing else!

An Editor who would please all and himself
Surely undertakes what none can do. [too,

When I did well, I heard it never;
When I did ill, I heard it ever.

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.

DRYDEN'S DESCRIPTION OF WIT.

"A thousand different shapes *wit* wears
Comely in thousand shapes appears;
'Tis not a tale,—'tis not a jest
Admir'd with laughter at a feast;
Nor florid talk, which can this little gain,—
The proofs of wit for ever must remain."

TURKISH GALLANTRY.—A Mexican, when you praise his horse, immediately replies that the horse is at your service, which means no more than when in England you write to a man, that you are his 'obedient humble servant.' A late Turkish Ambassador in England, actually did what the Mexican phrase professes to do. When any lady happened to praise one of the handsome shawls that decorated his person, he immediately presented it to her. This led to a very general expression of admiration for his Excellency's shawls, and in consequence to a great diminution of the ambassadorial wardrobe. At last, when his Excellency's stock was reduced to the one he wore, upon a lady's loudly expressing her admiration of its beauty, instead of his former reply, 'Madam, it is at your service,' he said, with Turkish composure, but with more than Turkish gallantry, 'Madam, I am glad you like it; I shall wear it for your sake.'

SEARCH AFTER WISDOM.—In one of the imperial towns in Germany, it is customary to address the Mayor as 'Your wisdom.' A party, who had consumed hour after hour in a bootless chase after the sapient functionary, having at last fallen in with him, very innocently hailed him, ejaculating, 'I have been rummaging every nook and corner the whole day long, but deuce a bit could I find out *your wisdom*.'

IRISH HUMOR.—A shrewd Yankee, for the purpose of arresting attention, caused his sign to be set upside down. One day, while the rain was pouring down with great violence, a son of Hibernia was discovered directly opposite, standing with some gravity on his head, and fixing his eyes steadfastly on the sign. On an inquiry being made of this inverted gentleman, why he stood in so singular an attitude, he answered, 'I'm trying to read that sign.'

A poor widow woman was relating to a neighbor how fond her husband was of having a good fire—how busy he would make himself in fixing it so that it would burn, &c. "Ah, poor dear man," said she, "I hope he's gone where they keep good fires."—*Concord Yeoman.*

The N. O. Sun, in announcing the death of a young female ourang outang in that city, says:—"She was an ourang outang of unblemished character, and of pleasant and agreeable manners."

WIDOWS AND COWS.

The Greenfield Gazette states that a widow lady in West Springfield has a cow from which was made over 17 pounds of butter a week, through the season. Even in November she produced 12 pounds a week. The Gazette wonders somebody is not after the 'widder' for the sake of the cow.

The Greenfield Gazette's 'wonder,' reminds us of a story, which we were assured by the narrator was of actual occurrence. We might give names, date, and scene, but perhaps our informant would not thank us for stating things so particularly--so we shall adopt fictitious designations for our characters, and leave the town out, altogether. Goodman Jones died at the age of fifty, and was gathered to his fathers, leaving a widow of his own age. At and about the same time Aunt Smith died too --and as her case was parallel to Goodman Jones' in all except her sex we presume that she was gathered to her mothers. She left a disconsolate widower, over whose head just as many years had rolled, as the widow Jones had counted.

This was allowed on all hands to be an astonishing coincidence. All the women pitied Goodman Smith, poor man, and all the men commiserated with widow Jones, poor woman. Widow Jones had a large farm---so had widower Smith. Widow Jones had a large dairy---so had widower Smith. As to the acres of mowing and tillage and woodland, each had about an equal share---and as children Providence had blessed both alike. 'What upon airth' either would do with these vast possessions alone, the old women declared they could not tell. This difficulty suggested a ready remedy, and the gossips did not let the defunct man and woman get cold in their graves, before they made up their minds the relicts should be yoked together, and the estates, hereditaments, and property, personal and real, be held in joint proprietorship. Marches they said were made in Heaven; and that this match was there made they considered the essential preparation of widowhood in each case, a positive proof.

Widow Jones and neighbor Smith were not long in hearing what gossip was astir; and it has even been insinuated that each had arrived to the conclusions named above, before any body else had thought of them. It is certain that when each requested the prayers of the congregation that the bereavement might be sanctified, Widower Smith looked pretty steadily over the rail of his pew at the seat of Widow Jones; and Widow Jones moved her white handkerchief from her eyes just long enough to see how her companion in bereavement supported himself. After church they walked beside each other so far as their roads lay together, and once during the next week, Widower Smith paid Widow Jones a visit of condolence.

So far, so good--but visits of condolence go out of date, like an almanac, and cannot be used as a pretext after a certain season. Some other arrangement must be trumped up, and Widower Smith was not long in finding it. His wagon stopped one morning before Widow Jones' door, and he gave the usual country signal, that he wanted somebody in the house, by dropping the reins, and setting double, with his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow white cap. Good morning was soon said on both sides, and the widow waited for what was further to be said.

'Well, Ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows, no how, for nothing, any how, do you?'

'Well, there, Mister Smith, you could'nt have spoke my mind better. A poor, lone woman like me does not know what to do with so many creatures, and I *should* be glad to trade if we can fix it.'

So they adjourned to the meadow. Farmer Smith looked at Roan—then at the widow—at Brindle—then at the widow—at the Downing cow—and at the widow again—and so through the whole forty.—The same call was made every day for a week, but farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted. At length, on Saturday, when widow Jones was in a hurry to get through her baking for Sunday—and had 'ever so much' to do in the house, as all farmers' wives and widows have on Saturday, she was a little impatient. Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever:

'That 'ere Downing cow is a pretty fair creature—but—' he stooped to glance at the widow's face and then walked round her—not the widow but the cow.

'That 'ere short horn Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know'—another look at the widow.

'The Downing cow I knew, before the late Mr. Jones bought her.' Here he sighed, at the allusion to the Mr. Jones, she sighed, and both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.

'Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and so is Brindle—but I have known better.'—A long stare succeeded this speech,—the pause was getting awkward—and at last Mrs. Jones broke out—

'Lord! Mr. Smith, if *I'm* the cow you want, *do say so.*"

The intentions of the Widower Smith and the Widow Jones were duly published the next day, as is the law and custom in Massachusetts; and as soon as they were 'out published,' they were married.—*Weild's N. Y Dispatch.*

A tar half-seas over, swaggering into an auction room, and hearing the auctioneer bawling out two or three times, 'who bids more than nine pence ha' penny?' asked 'may we bid what we please?' 'Oh yes,' replied the seller, 'any thing you please, sir.' 'Why then, I bid you good night, and be hanged to you,' said Jack.